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HEARTS ALLIED

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GIFT OF

Wilmer Shields

To
Louise Remondino Stahl,
a small return
for many inspiring
messages - rec'd
for friendship's sake
by the writer,

Fanny H. Newman

February 19/9





HEARTS ALLIED

1914=1918

BY

FANNY HODGES NEWMAN

OFFICIER D'ACADÉMIE

Author of "Adventurers" and "Out of Bondage"



CORRECTIONS.

- Page 8—Sub-head should read :
"To Those Who Sit in Council at Peace Tables."
Page 9—ENVOY, line 2, comma after "regarding."
Page 36—"Battle-red" should be a compound word.

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DEDICATION

*To those who have laid again upon the
hearth of the world the bright coals
of chivalry, kindling new fires of truth
in a time of bitter infamy; to all those
whose various uniforms have covered
heroic hearts of youth allied for free-
dom and compassion, this book is ded-
icated with the author's deep de-
votion, as a memorial of
their high service.*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Hearts Allied.....	7
The Calumet.....	8
Vision of Yguerna.....	10
Recovery	10
On French Soil.....	11
The Heart Elsewhere.....	11
The Crusade.....	12
Missing	13
Allegiance	14
From a Soldier's Letter.....	16
A Song of Sweethearts.....	17
The Leader.....	18
Hope	19
Out of Bondage.....	19
Citation	20
Enthusiasm	21
Out of the Harbor.....	22
A Youth Goes Fighting.....	24
For Mother.....	25
The Boast.....	26
Tyranny	26
In the Likeness of a Man.....	27
Fall of Nazareth.....	28
Change	29

	PAGE
In Palestine	30
The Riders.....	31
Fare On!	32
Limitations	33
At the Matinée.....	34
On the Battlefield.....	35
The Red Cross.....	36
The Hero	37
Awakening	38
Today	39
The Marvel.....	40
Black Magic.....	41
Dead in Battle.....	42
The Tavern Guest.....	43
Surrender	44
New Knights, and Old.....	46
The Water Hyacinth.....	47
The Long Time.....	48
Idealists	49
Constancy	50
Peace	51
The Old Battle Flag.....	52
Notes	53

HEARTS ALLIED.

THEY have fought the good fight,
They have triumphed through faith.
Side by side
They have finished the course;
In this sign they have won,
Arms allied.

Can we forget how they fought,
By land, on the sea, in the sky?
Open-eyed
To the vision of right against might,
They battled, pressed onward, prevailed,
Wills allied.

If ever we lapse, if we fall
From the heights where they hang,
Crucified
For brotherhood, labor and love,
Let memory's whips scourge us back!
Souls allied.

O Belgians, O British and French,
Italians, Americans, all
That have died
For freedom and peace! It is we
Who will carry on freedom and peace
In your names, in an unbroken pact,
Hearts allied.

THE CALUMET.

To Those Who Sit in Council at the Peace Tables.

ONCE men of plain and forest, copper-skinned,
Sons of the One Great Spirit, having fought,
Met in high council, asking: "Who has sinned,
And how shall restitution now be wrought?"

There was no chatter, these were silent men;
They sat in musing circle on the ground;
While chiefs spoke here and there and now and then,
In sober monotone with little sound.

Then, when deliberations came to grips,
One rose and took the peace-pipe in his hands
And offered it to the opposing lips,
With: "Smoke with me for peace in all our lands!"

Proud Chiefs! Your memory is with us
yet;
How you made pact across the mounting
fumes
Of the long-guarded, tribal *calumet*,
Red-bowled and feathered with wild eagle
plumes;
With golden eagle plumes, and white and
black,
That symbolized: "When these shafts are
twined as one,
Then the Great Father sends His blessings
back—
Then is the warring of His children done."

ENVOY.

Once more the eagles draw their talons
back
And sit regarding gold and white and
black.
*To this Great Council where the world is
set,
Who brings the calumet?*

NOTE: The Calumet, a pipe of red soapstone with a reed stem, hung with eagle feathers, was used from ancient times at the war councils of the American Indians. When offered for smoking, its refusal signified war; acceptance, peace.

THE VISION OF YGUERNA, MOTHER OF KING ARTHUR OF BRITTANY.

I LOOKED along the vistas of new time
And saw my son's name, like a golden
breath,
Floating above tradition's prose and rhyme;
"Arthur," it shone, "King Arthur's life
and death."

And then I saw it lustreless and gray,
When hosts of heroes like my lad were
hurled
On Hun and heathen; their young names
that day
Flamed in a glory that shall save the
world!

RECOVERY.

DEATH has delayed his capture;
Sickness has loosed her thong;
Out of the pain, a rapture;
Out of the dark, a song.

ON FRENCH SOIL.

CAPTAIN, take care where you lead!
This was a garden; here thrift
Sowed succulent greens; the leek
Elbowed the rose. If you lift
This rough, red rubble and seek,
You will find live roots and sod.

Captain, go softly!—perchance
Under your feet has been love;
Hearthstones aflame with young souls.
Stoop down, you marchers above,
Here are red coals, living coals!
Under these ashes is France!

THE HEART ELSEWHERE.

I BORE my burden in the sun today,
And was it light or heavy could not
say;
Felt not the driver's lash curl in my face.
My heart was singing in another place.

THE CRUSADE.

YOUTH, youth has had a vision;
 (Hear it, world, hear!)
A rain of blood has washed the air,
They see the glory that is there;
 (Lads, lads dear!)

Youth, youth has gone crusading,
 (How the earth shook!)
To give a country back her loss,
To lift a brother from the cross;
 (World, look on, look!)

The bugles pour the young soul out:
 (O, the call it is!)
"Ho, all ye martyred and oppressed!
Ho, all ye needy and distressed!"
 (For this they die, for this!)

Youth, youth has drunk a potion;
 (Listen! Men pray!)
Lifting up the twice-filled grail,
They swear the oath that may not fail.
(O, win and live to tell the tale,
 Lads far away!)

MISSING.

I REMEMBER often, Sonny,
Of all your days, a day
When the town called
And the youths called:
"Come out and come away!"

I can see you leap to follow,
Then stop and turn to say:
"We must beat the Hun,
But it's soon done;
I won't be long away."

O, you swung your cap and kissed me!
Then whispered me to pray:
"For I'll cross the foam,
But here's home
And I won't be long away."

O, it's weary time, is waiting!
That's how my head is gray,
But I dream yet,
And it seems yet
That you're not long away.

ALLEGIANCE.

O ENGLAND'S full of Englishmen,
And France is full of French,
And Germany has sons enough
To fill up every trench!
But what are we across the sea
That come from all the earth,
To the land that gives us freedom
Though it did not give us birth?

O, we are all Americans!
And when we came away
From England, France and Germany
We swore we came to stay!

To Italy and Austria,
To Russia, Greece and Spain,
We said: "Good-bye, we've gone for good,
We'll not be back again."
And we will lift our country's flag
And float its stripes and stars
In place of those we used to wave
For kaisers, kings and czars.

For we are all Americans
And when we came away
From anywhere and everywhere,
Dear Land, we came to stay!

Yet we will cross the seas again
To Europe's tortured sod
With those who, though not brothers born,
Are brothers under God.
Since we have sworn our manhood's oath,
We stand to make it good
Against the mightiest foes of earth,
Whatever be their blood.

For we are all Americans;
And we will fight our way
To victory and back again—
And then come home to stay!

FROM A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

I AM not thinking of after the war,
Of possible plenty, of possible peace;
Dim is that afterward, shadowy, far,
Though you call it comfort, release.

All of the days of my life are one day;
I live for it, long for it, hold it in sight.
Memory's yesterday? Vanished away.
Tomorrow? Wan as young night.

If but the one day, the great day come soon
And I help to bring it—I live in that
dream—

Then let me lie with my face to the moon,
Or deep in some broken earth-seam;

It all matters nothing; nothing I care;
A soldier in Picardy, nothing I ask;
But if there is fighting let me be there,
In the thick of it, doing my task.

There may be an afterward, dear, in the
sun;

But I could not want it, not even with
you,

Till noon has turned black for the last bat-
tling Hun;

Till all has been done that I came here
to do.

A SONG OF SWEETHEARTS.

O I will go across the world
And round the world and back,
To find what all men's sweethearts are
And what it is they lack!

If they be fair as mine is fair,
Or sweet as she is sweet;
If their eyes' light is like the light
In her eyes when we meet;

If any lips can whisper all
That my love's said to me,
Before I came across the world
And round by every sea.

O, I will hold through battling days,
And nights when star-shells shine,
That not a sweetheart in the world
Is worth the world, but mine!

THE LEADER.

HE brought me here and He bids me go;
He set my feet in the way;
And I must follow Him, fain or no,
For I may not stop nor stay.

His face, who leads, have I never seen,
Nor rightly have heard His name;
But here in this path His feet have been
And out of His house I came.

And deep in my soul I call Him good,
And say that His road is straight,
Though it lead me elsewhere then I would
And end at the awesome gate.

And thinking of Him I sing and smile
And find no need for tears,
Though pitfalls many my steps beguile
And fantasies stalk my fears.

Perhaps it is God leading the way;
God—what a thing to know!
But I will not ask, nor where away,
But gird up my heart and go!

OUT OF BONDAGE.

I STAND on the outermost brink,
As far as the path may be trod,
Where mortal brain must cease to think
And the heart cries out for God.

His temple gateway is here,
Where I see but the void abyss,
But I know I am His and I need not fear
And I tell my Maker this:

I am not afraid to be man;
To be atom where Thou art whole;
To take my place in the august plan
That circles Thee and my soul.

HOPE.

I SLEPT for sorrow,
Having sought in vain,
Along the trenches
And the roads of war,
The world's old faith that loss
Is somehow gain;
Yet while I slept
There rose the morning star.

CITATION.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die."

THIS all men know;
Yet no man knows the hour
Of that august appointment, only Death.
And some spend all their breath
In pleas and importunings
When he appears near by:
"Nay, Death, not I, not I!"

But never you, adventurer
On the far hills
Of faith and courage;
It was not you feared death.
The beating of your ardent heart,
Diastole and systole, was "life."
That music, throbbing through the strife,
Stirred fainter comrades,
Girded up their wills
And healed their ills.

That music, through the din of shells,
Was sounding yet
In wounded ears,
When noisy death
Struck there and challenged you.

Then was your hour; it was then you
knew,
And said again your last great words:
"Be glad as I am glad,
And do not fret;
Remember, I have no regret."

ENTHUSIASM.

IT were better for man to climb the steep,
Though he risk misstep and fall;
It were better, climbing, to sweat his blood
Than to feel no urge at all.

It were better for him to travel on
And faint on the lonely road,
Than never to suffer the thrall of dreams
Nor the prick of passion's goad.

It were better for man to be scarred bone-
deep,
Than never to feel the fire;
To be seared than never be warmed at all
At the flame of his soul's desire.

OUT OF THE HARBOR.

WHEN the great gray ship
That took you from me
Slipped anchor and sailed,
I heard but three
Of her parting signals;
Then sound failed.
But sight held,
And I watched her,
Far on her way;
Tier on tier,
Her decks showed
To the line of the bay—
Stood out clear,
Till she came to the place
Where the sea turns
Round the edge of the world,
And was gone, where the sun in the west
burns.

Then just her smoke curled
And spun back thinly—
A long, sweet thread,
Woven of the fires
Beneath you; and it seemed,
While the reek of it spread

As vapor expires,
Woven, too, of your breath
And your thoughts that turned home.

Then the sky cleared,
And the sea,
But for one in-washing comb
Where your wake sheared.

And I who was watching
Stood vigil alone,
At war with my tears—
Sound of you, sight of you,
Breath of you gone
For a measure of years!

But I laughed in my heart
For the thing that I knew,
Knowing this: Beyond sound,
Beyond sight,
Past all region of sense,
Dear, for you
And for me the world round,
There a subtile, tenacious,
Ineffable bond,
Tried and sure,
Will hold us together through life
And beyond.
Will endure

The tension of absence,
The burden of years;
Will outlast
The fretting of silence,
Corrosion of tears.
Dearest, love will hold fast!

A YOUTH GOES FIGHTING.

A YOUTH goes seeking, seeking,
The one great thing to do;
The thing that is all he may or can,
That is big enough for the soul of man.

A youth goes working, working,
Because he has two hands
That itch to make the world anew,
To tear it down and build it true.

A youth goes dreaming, dreaming,
Because of his wild heart
That throbs adventure and romance
To the old thrilling tune of chance.

A youth goes fighting, fighting,
Because of the ancient urge
To die for the well-worth dying for,
The blood-red, glory cross of war!

FOR MOTHER.

WHEN I come back again to her,
I'll bring a lacquered box
Filled with quaint gifts and reeking myrrh
And clasped with curious locks.

From England I will bring a rose,
From France a fleur-de-lis;
And back from hard Siberian snows,
A brew of Russian tea;

From Italy a coral ring
And two white candlesticks;
From Belgian plains this broken thing—
A soldier's crucifix.

And she will hold them in her hands
And smile at me and say:
"Have you brought back from those far
lands
All that you took away?"

And nothing else will matter, men,
If, when she kisses me,
She knows my lips are clean as when
They prayed beside her knee.

THE BOAST.

THE blood-red snow has sunk into the
sod,
And carried down upon the thirsty roots
The melted sinews of the sons of God;
Young men who died and rotted in their
boots.

"This," said the kings, "has not been any-
thing.
Count the new banners waving on the
hill!
When the ground dries in this good wind
of spring.
Then will we show you what it is to kill!"

TYRANNY.

PROMETHEUS, take away
Thy lurid gift;
From man's rude hands
Thy flint and tinder take!
Else will this earth
Be smothered with the drift
Of ashes from the foundry—
And the stake!

IN THE LIKENESS OF A MAN.

YOU'VE seen a tamer of mad horses
Take a brute
And break him with his hands,
Then raise the prone, defeated one
And with kind murmurs
Turn him back,
Sane, to the herd?

So Germany lies broken,
Beaten down in blood.
Stoop, worthy conquerors!
In that riven breast
A nation's heart still beats.
Your work is done
Only when your firm hands
And prudent whisperings
Shall lift the vanquished
To his shaking legs,
Bit him with brotherhood,
And lead him back—
A human people
To a waiting race.

THE FALL OF NAZARETH.

JESUS, man Jesus,
You who gently walked
With mystified disciples
In this place,
While of new times,
Of saving times, you talked,
Was it this day shone back
To light your face?

Did you foresee our arms
In Nazareth;
This wind of conquest
Sweeping Galilee;
This young wind, swift and sweet
As God's clean breath,
Down ancient paths
Of Scribe and Pharisee?

Was it on this you reckoned,
Son of Man?
Saying: "Some day
The truth shall make you free!
Not peace but truth;
Be patient for a span;
Not peace I bring, but swords.
Believe in me!"

Yea, we believe,
O Prophet of this strife!
Seeing what comes at last
To Galilee;
Seeing fulfilled
This promise of your life—
Master of life—
The sword that sets men free.

CHANGE.

A WAY with the old!
Bring the new,
Sing the new!" they cry—
The importunate
Children of men.
Yet God bids the nightingale:
"When you are through,
Sing the same lovely canticle
Over again."

IN PALESTINE.

THREE violets found a way, a way,
Out of the earth to the dawn of
spring,
At the feet and the head and the heart of
a thing
That never should lie in the light of day.

Said one new-comer: "Sisters sweet,
Bow to me, mine is the queenly place;"
Pride of it shone in her lifted face.
"By the path of glory came these feet."

The second kissed the cheek of the dead
And shook with awe on her slender stem.
"His eyes looked last on Jerusalem;
God lets me cover them," she said.

But the third wept tears like quiet rain
As she bent her bright blue crown
To the soldier's breast, in its khaki brown,
Where his dear heart's heart had lain.

THE RIDERS.

(Scene: A medieval tournament).

THESE drag the bridle, dullards lift-
ing up
Eyelids opaque to the illumined skies;
Turning deaf ears to earth's fine minstrel-
sies;
Their lips unquickened from love's wassail
cup,
They ride unnerved with Terror at the
crup.
Let pass! Here come Faith's brave allies
Defying ambush, fearless of surprise,
At Life's most frugal inns they gladly sup.
Nathless their bodies, soft beneath the
mail,
Could feel the prick of sword, the scathe
of fire;
Partake with appetite Joy's trencher-cheer;
Pay tribute sweet to beauty and desire.
Yet shall they never be unhorsed by Fear.
It is God's secret why they may not fail!

FARE ON!

DEAR heart, the burning ploughshares
Have not cooled
Since first they flayed
The naked foot of man.
Through all the years
The wilful soul is schooled,
As when, in Eden,
The long task began.

But make no outcry!
You are not alone
Upon the Highway
Of the Thousand Fires.
With griefs like yours
Are all the hedgerows sown,
And every pit is brimmed
With lost desires.

LIMITATIONS.

A SONG FOR THE MAIMED.

THEY have quenched my lighted eyes,
But I can feel the sun;
And I have learned how touch is wise
From my treasures, one by one.

They have bound my knowing hands
That got me right-of-way;
But stars themselves are girt with bands,
Do they stop for that or stay?

There are weights upon my feet.
Well, teazel comes and goes
Where earth is warm and sun is sweet;
But the oak stands still, and grows.

AT THE MATINEE.

1917

WHY did I come today? I'm out of
grace

With vaudeville, with patter-song and
dance.

Pierrot was loathsome, twinkling his white
face,

And Pierrette—No, there are none such
in France!

The house is stirred with a soft, prickly
wind

Of breathy joy, because, in this new skit,
A man forgives a woman who has sinned.

Old women like it, while they nod and
knit;

Girls like it, bobbing curls in dimpled
necks.

Beads sparkle, diamonds glitter here and
there;

Young eyes give back the glint in starry
flecks—

Girls' eyes, boys watch another stage,
somewhere.

The orchestra plays: *Hoffman's Nuit
d'Amour*;

*O, night of love! I know; O, lovely
night!*

I know, I hear him whisper still:
“*Toujours!*”

With just remembering, all my blood
turns white!

More music—drums now; “*O, say, does the
star*”—

Beneath that spangled banner, lights
grow dim;

And I run stumbling through rank fields
afar,

To sing that song in some red trench
with him.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

ONCE in a fabled Eden, new and sweet,
Man walked in closest company with
God;

Not more than here, feet beside rushing
feet,

God goes with us along this crimson sod.

THE RED CROSS.

SON, you are somewhere in France, I think.

Not knowing where your battle rages
Is the bitter cup I have to drink;
One more mother who grieves and ages.

For I would follow you on my knees,
Pilgrim of joy, though all the stages
Were red-hot ploughshares and bloody seas
And beasts that have broken their cages.

I would not mind if I just could come
And keep you in my woman's wardship;
Bring you your very own things from home;
O, not to come is all the hardship!

But see, we mothers have sent instead
Of our poor selves, war's splendid angel,
Whose sign shines red through battle—red,
The cross of love's world-wide evangel.

They may hurt you, son, and I not there;
They may—O, they may blind, enslave
you!

But I cling to this: Somehow, somewhere,
Our own Red Cross will find and save
you.

THE HERO.

POOR mother, with the golden star
 Upon your sleeve,
Forgive our jangling jubilee
 The while you grieve!

Your son has paid the battle price
 For victory;
Gladly he paid the reckoning
 That set men free.

Then, when the breast that suckled him
 Is sick with pain,
Smile, lest he see your tears and fear
 He died in vain!

AWAKENING.

FATHER of Men! I am sleepless
Here in the dark,
Fretful upon the down of my bed.
So close beside me
Are those stark
Sleepers, who lie so still
In the red!

Red, red! It is oozing
Out of their veins,
Seeping into the sod
That is fain of it,
Changing it into magical stains
To paint sweet flowers
For the daughters of God.

"Sons and daughters of God,"
Are we, then?
Joying because of the nosegays,
The crimson posies, we pluck
From their roots
In the bosoms of rotting men,
Who warred with each other
For trifles
Of kingly lusting and luck.

All of it goodliest flesh
Of Thy sons, O Sire!
How long wilt Thou let me lie
Droning upon the down of my bed,
With piled heaps of slain brothers
So close by,
That the corners
Of my white, smooth sheets
Are red?

Red, red! It is rising
And spreading over me, too.
Blood of the slaughtered,
Is it my hand you seek?
If I turn from my dreams and arise,
Is there aught I can do?
Are you wanting my brother's keeper?
Nay, is it I?—*Speak!*

TODAY.

ROSE in the west and violet
And in the east a flame.
To most, just one more morning;
To one, the judgment came.

THE MARVEL.

O MERRY ring the bluebells,
The bluebells a-blow,
And gaily dance the buttercups,
The buttercups aglow!
Old man, 'tis Spring calls.
Will you rise and go?

O, every tongue is tinkling:
"Good cheer, folk, good cheer!"
And every heart is answering
The summons of the year;
What's amiss, my gossip,
Sitting gaping here?

Come bluebells and buttercups,
And little birds a-wing!
Make merry round his quiet
And round his silence sing;
His old hand, his thin hand,
It is so cold a thing!

Ho, March dear, and April,
And May, hither May!
Here's something for your wonder
Beside the year at play;
This bent thing, this spent thing,
Was Youth ~~of~~ yesterday.

BLACK MAGIC.

MEN broke themselves with toil and
bled

Sweating, to bring black metal out
Of its earthy bed, its age-old bed,
With the digger's song and the heaver's
shout.

They wrought and tempered to thin bands,
The ingot, white-hot out of the fire;
And when it was finished and out of their
hands,
It was just a singing strand of wire.

There are no miracles? Wire is one;
Strong as the ribs between the rocks;
Swifter than all the streams that run;
Sure as the yoked and pacing ox;

Fine as the stroke of the draftsman's pen.
And what of the magic that does this:
*If I call it will bring your voice again,
And, back from the world's far edge your
kiss!*

DEAD IN BATTLE.

SO I am dead, they say!
With everything one lives by, shot
away.

Yet every separate cell
Of the assemblage that was I,
Still shakes and quivers
With its consciousness.
Such as I was in battle, I am still.

The battery sweeps on to take the hill,
And on with them goes the undying will
Of all the fallen.

Be comforted, my own!
You and my country and a world set free
Are well worth dying for;
But more than all,
This death in action is its own reward.

"It is appointed unto all men,"
Said the preacher, *"once to die."*
Some die in bedrooms
With pink-papered walls, too thin
To shut the gay world out
Or keep grief in.
And how men hate it,
Dying one by one
Among the living who are bent on life!

Out here, I do not interrupt the plan
By pouring out red blood;
The stream sweeps on and I am in the flood.
Fragments of human members lie about,
Mine and some others;
Let God gather them;
He gave them, they are His.
But there is something which is mine
Because man gave it; the undying thing
Is the allied, united will to win.

All my life's life went into that
Before the battle started.
We could not win without,
So that goes on. I know,
And those that fell with me, they know,
That none of us shall taste of death,
For death is swallowed up
In Victory!

THE TAVERN GUEST.

BRING out the full decanter, Fate, good-
wife;

Just as it comes I'll have it, sweet or gall;
Down to the lees, the red lees, pour me
life!

My heart will more than hold it, give me
all!

SURRENDER.

DO not cry, *Kamerad*, to me!
We are as far as far can be
From comradery.

Perhaps, putting us each with each,
I could learn and you could teach,
But not the speech
Of hearts that beat beneath the skin
Our western mothers wrapped us in,
Wrapping up sin
Of many kinds of course—
But human kinds that give men force.

From that sweet source
No brutal impulses could come,
Such as have made your deeds a sum
To strike men dumb.
Do not cry, *Kamerad*, again!

It sounds too like the word that men
Say to each other when
They give the friendship-sign and swear
The good of life to share,
The evil, just to bear.

That is the strong man's army creed.
You who make gospel of your greed,
Who say: "Succeed
And God will ask no questions!" You
Who could teach any devil's crew
New things to do
To terrorize mankind, to make
Mothers of sleeping children quake
To see them wake;
You who have outdone Hun with Hun,
Who beat and crucify and—run!
Not one of you, not one,
Shall say that good word, *Kamerad*,
To any valiant, fighting lad.

Kneel, then! Be glad
To kneel! You honor, not demean
Your tongue, saying, while your heads lean
To martyred France: "Ich dien"!

NEW KNIGHTS AND OLD; BRAVE
KNIGHTS AND BOLD.

A T St. Quentin, as once at Waterloo,
Sweet Love has leaned above red
fields and learned
That soldiers die as gentle lovers do,
And heard them whisper, lifting arms
that yearned:

"Sweetheart, this is the last; but do not
weep

Because the kissing of my lips is done;
Kind life withdraws me lest love hold me
cheap.

Tomorrow my new service is begun.

Soft evening and fair dream, and then a
dawn;

And on swift wings I shall return to
thee,
Bringing thee dew and asphodel and lily-
spawn,
And rosy blossoms of the almond tree.

Thy early matins will I sing to thee
And with the nightingale, thy lullaby;
I'll be the blue that tempers like a sea
The fervid open of the noonday sky.

Mid-morning and along the afternoon

I will exhale thee many a flowery scent,
And trace for thee a running woodland
rune

To break the secret of what way I went.

O, I will be thy day and all thy night!

Thy dreams they shall be happy dreams
again;

About thy head I will weave zephyrs light
To fan thy pillow dry of grief's slow
rain.

Nay, sweetheart, still thy knight as now
I am,

I'll ride for thee between that world
and this;

I'll tie thy colors to Death's oriflamme

And cry thy name— *Ah!—give me one
more kiss.*"

THE WATER HYACINTH

SPREAD upon sombre pools,
Beauty appears;
Winged seeds of wandering joy
Caught upon tears.

THE LONG TIME.

THOUGH years pass by
And fortune does not come,
Let us not question
Why is joy so late;
While birds are singing
We may well be dumb,
While roses blossom, dearest,
We can wait.

The fields of life are wide
And full of grain;
Let us turn back
From peering through the gate
And help to load
The common harvest wain;
If we are helping others,
We can wait.

This earth is rugged
And its paths are rough,
Crooked they are—
Fall to and make them straight
And point out pitfalls!
There is time enough;
The while we serve
We can forget we wait.

IDEALISTS.

BIG heart and open mind and stalwart
soul!

God, did you make them, knowing what
you did?

Balked in the way and frustrate of the goal,
Or dragged to battle in a cause that's
hid.

Around them conflict; blood on every hand.
Twice-sickened with the sight of mortal
pain,

Against the evil of the world they stand,
Or fall among the wounded and the slain.

A song they have and have no place to
sing;

A word, and no one stops to hear them
speak.

The tumult deafens in the noisy ring
Of sotted souls that know not what they
seek.

Carousing onward, dull convoying dull,
Jostling each other in the press of strife,
Miser and libertine and rogue and trull—
That thing they like they make of this
one life.

But what of these near angels among men,
Whose eyes keep steadfast to the farth-
est star,
Diviner Daniels in the human den?
God, did you make them, knowing what
they are?

CONSTANCY.

SOME day the Hand that holds the
ocean up
Shall spill it forth from earth's inverted
cup;
O, faithful in a fickle world of men,
Shall love maintain me in your heart till
then?

Some day Himself shall pluck down every
star
And overturn and change all things that
are;
Then will you go before His face and say:
"God, did you dream that love could pass
away?"

PEACE.

WHEN every gun
Has crumbled into rust
And is dispersed
Like pollen on the gust;
When every spire
That belled mankind to prayer
Has toppled to the earth
And moldered there;
When underneath a mute,
Unconscious sod,
Is every tongue that wagged
Of *Man* and *God*;

Though suns should fall
And stars no more appear
To calendar the changing
Of the year;
Though Twilight sit in weeds
And wait for Day
That nevermore shall pass
Along this way;
Though molten hills
Run hissing to the sea—
When man is gone, what peace,
What peace shall be!

THE OLD BATTLE-FLAG.

TO *give those stars of liberty their light,
What proud young eyes, what tender
old, were quenched;
What hearths went cold; what brightness
turned to night!*

We hail you, stars and stripes; red, white
and blue;
White for the fields of plenty, famine
blenched;
Blue for the valor of brave men and true;
And red, O, God of Battles, bless the red
With victory for righteousness on earth!
Requite with glorious peace our splendid
dead,
That we, who are alive because they died,
May wrap these colors round the world's
wide girth
And plow War's old, sad meadows, side by
side!

NOTES.

That soldiers read poetry, that the demand for verse is great among war libraries, has brought expressions of wonder from many observers. There should be no surprise. War times are verse times because the pulse of fighting men, beating in heroic rhythms, demands rhythmic inspiration and response. The soldier who gives battle under the stress of exalted emotion needs no chains to keep him at his guns. This is why there is such general invoking of the things that stir up passionate conviction, setting high standards for army morale.

The idealist holds to his vision at all cost—witness Belgium—and the countries allied against tyranny have relied as much upon the spiritual preparedness of their forces as upon material armament. That is why poetry, by high decision, has been classed as an essential industry.

For what it is, then, one worker offers the output of her heart in the hope that the occasion may justify the gift.

Page 11

ON FRENCH SOIL: First read at The Foyer held every Wednesday evening in an assembly room of the writer's home, where soldier students of French, French-born American soldiers and French soldiers here on military missions, gathered with their friends to enjoy the language, the music, the customs of the greatest battle-land in history. Their hostess hopes that this reminder may reach them every one and bring a message back.

Page 11

THE HEART ELSEWHERE: Has been set to music, which beautifully adorns the words, by Mrs. Josephine Roberts Thorp, San Diego.

Page 14

ALLEGIANCE: Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, the English-singing world's best-loved composer, has set these words to music happily inspired. She dedicates the song under the title, "We Are All Americans," to Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, the President's daughter, who is singing to our soldiers "over there."

Page 19

OUT OF BONDAGE: This is a poem of faith, but not of doctrinal belief. "God" is our one best word, for all that we can neither see nor know, that, beyond the scope of human imagination, wills and motivates our world and the universe. The world is an aggregate of persons, and all our interests are personal; it is only sane and suitable for us to talk of the "Absolute" in terms of personality. "Mortal brain" is not used, as in some quarters, as a term of opprobrium. It signifies that honorable and busy organ which makes living worth while by its de-

mands, its discoveries, its pleasantries and its comforting philosophies; which exercises, also, the privilege of faith, that emotional reconciliation of brief life with limitless desire. The perceptible universe is evidence of design and, concurrently, of our essential place in the pattern. Gratitude for such distinction, demands some manifestation toward the inconceivable Planner. As a human offering this would be worthless if it were not warm and personal.

Page 20

CITATION: In memory of Harold Sydney Morgan, 1st Lieut., M. C., U. S. Army, "loaned to the British," and attached to the 9th Royal Irish Fusiliers. He was at Cambrai and San Quentin, and was killed while caring for the wounded in action at Kemmel Hill, April 12, 1918. His entire service was marked by exalted heroism and devotion, and he was held by his comrades in something near to adoration. It was in the last dreadful days, when working without sleep or rest to relieve suffering, that he wrote home: "Don't worry. I only hope you are all keeping as cheerful as I am here. I have no regrets."

Page 21

ENTHUSIASM, Fare On, Change, Limitations, The Long Time, Out of Bondage, Out of the Harbor, Recovery, Today, Tyranny and the Water Hyacinth, are reprinted, with some changes, from Out of Bondage, by permission of Paul Elder, Publisher, San Francisco.

Page 28

FALL OF NAZARETH: Press notices from the front remarked on the fact that swords figured largely in the battles fought in Palestine.

Page 37

THE HERO: With thoughts of the mother of Reuben Horace Fowler of San Diego, Calif., who gave himself nobly to death in one of the fiercest battles of the war. With his company, the machine gunners, he helped to put his regiment, the Eighteenth Infantry, at the head of regimental citations "for distinguished conduct in advancing rapidly and capturing and holding promptly and surely all objectives assigned to it, while sustaining heavy losses during the advance, from July 18 to 22 inclusive. . . . This regiment, when relieved, left its line further advanced into hostile territory than any other on its right or left."

Page 51

PEACE: Much of that which we have now learned of the causes and purposes of this incomparable conflict was hidden from observers at large; but the most distant onlooker could see that the peaks of civilization were aflame with death and ruin. "Peace" was written on the day in 1914 when war broke over Europe. In the brave years since, the allied armies of chivalry have modified this outburst of protest against man and all his works.

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